GEOGRAPHIC SCHOOL BULLETINS

OF THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY, WASHINGTON 6, D.C.

JANUARY 9, 1956 VOL. XXXIV, NO. 13

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Wilson's Virginia Home to Be One-Day Post Office

EVERGLADES PLAYMATES—Seminole Youngsters Often See Fawns and Bigger Deer in Florida's Swampland Where 'Gators, Egrets, Herons, and Wild Turkeys also Roam

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NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER WILLARD R. CULVER

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governing, they must back down a little from their strongly held opinions.

On paper, the French system of government seems similar to the American. France has a president, a parliament consisting of two houses like the Senate and House of Representatives. But the French president is little more than a figurehead; its "Senate," the Council of the Republic, enjoys no real power except to delay legislation. Its "House of Representatives," the National Assembly, makes laws, declares war, decides on expenditures. The Assembly's 630 Deputies also elect one of their number Premier—the true chief executive of France.

In order to find a Premier with a clear majority, the Deputies must abandon the principles of their many parties and band together into broad groups. The most powerful alliance produces a leader. He selects cabinet ministers—and the National Assembly is ready for business.

But as laws are proposed, disagreements arise. Deputies who joined forces to elect a Premier begin to break apart, each mindful of his ideals and personal interests and sternly opposed to changing them. The Premier is left in midair without support. He tumbles.

Fortunately, the fall of an able leader doesn't mean he is lost to France. Ex-Premiers generally go back to their old seats on cabinet benches and wait for a new chance to take the reins. National policies, when finally adopted, often continue without much change.

HARVEST COMES THOUGH GOVERNMENTS TOTTER—Villagers Strip a Vineyard near Bordeaux Where Gravelly Soil and Friendly Sunshine Produce Famed Wine Grapes

W. EDWARD ROSCHER, © THE TIMES, LONDON

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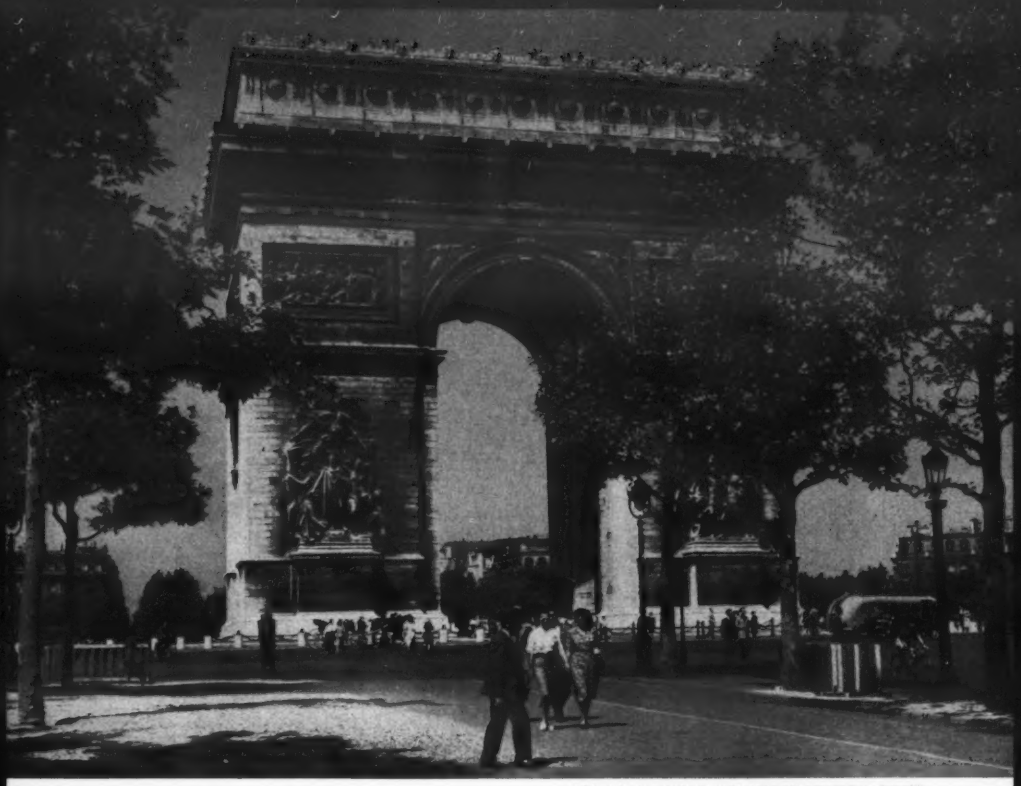

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER WILLARD R. CULVER

Government Falters—French Heartbeat Normal

Towering over the Place de l'Etoile where 12 Paris boulevards meet, the mighty Arc de Triomphe has seen France meet disaster as well as glory. Invading armies have marched under it twice—in 1871 and 1940-45. Since Napoleon began its construction just 150 years ago, it has witnessed the rise and fall of empires, monarchies, republics. And since the Fourth Republic got under way after World War II, it has watched a long succession of cabinets try to govern—then topple.

The arch still stands because it was built of stone. France itself is made of far less rigid material: people. Their character may help explain why governments falter, why the nation survives.

Whether he is a sun-tanned cowboy of the Rhône delta's flat cattle country, or a sweat-streaked industrial worker of the north, the Frenchman holds strong views on what he considers right for his country—and for himself. He feels that if he compromises he is deserting his principles.

In France two political parties are not enough to express a wide variety of uncompromising ideas. Perhaps a dozen or more parties send Deputies through the gray, classical portico of the National Assembly in Paris. They suddenly find that before they can even begin their job of

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Treeless Iceland Seeks New Forest Cloak

U. S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

In the ninth century, when blond-bearded Vikings drove their small, undecked vessels to Iceland's shores, the island looked far different from the picture above. Birch forests matted the lowlands from coast line to mountain ridges.

But Iceland's trees fell before the axes of settlers. Sheep, goats, cattle, and horses, grazing on island farms, kept new forest growths from sprouting. Today little remains except areas of stump and brushwood, a few birches, willows, mountain ash, and dwarf juniper. Ships bring in timber. Driftwood industries thrive. In one remote section of the oval island farmers drew lots for coastal land where they reap wood harvests from wrecked boats.

Worried Icelanders have stepped up their reforestation program. They are buying seedlings from forests of North America, Norway, the Soviet Union. Engelmann spruce and alpine fir come to Iceland from Colorado and Oregon mountains, lodgepole pine from British Columbia. Poplar, elm, hemlock, and Russia's Siberian larch add to the list of forest "immigrants."

Though ocean winds harass the Virginia-size North Atlantic island, trees will grow straight and tall as long as they are protected from grazing livestock. In spite of its name, Iceland is not as cold as people think. The average temperature in Reykjavik, the capital, in January—the coldest month—is approximately the same as New York City's January average.

National Geographic Magazine

Dec., 1955, "Atlantic Odyssey: Iceland to Antarctica" (school price 55¢)
Nov., 1951, "Iceland Tapestry" (75¢)

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WALTER MEAYERS EDWARDS, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC STAFF

Also, the nation itself continues to function almost normally, thanks to the routine duties of public servants who, luckily, are not replaced every time a new Premier takes office. Organized like an army, these government workers keep wheels of commerce and industry well oiled no matter how often the Premier's portfolio is passed around. Parisians still go to open-air markets to buy cauliflowers, carrots, leeks, and onions, freshly shipped from small farms. Trains still rumble through steel-manufacturing towns with coal for blast furnaces. Reapers, like the one above, clatter through broad wheat fields as though nothing had happened. And grain-laden barges slide through quiet canals.

In a garret studio of Paris's Left Bank, art students argue politics. "But I tell you," says one, "it is we French people who are responsible for the government. We don't *want* it to be strong and stable. We rebelled against tyranny in 1789 and we're still afraid of it."

And off the coast of Brittany, two small fishing vessels draw together to exchange greetings. Clinging to his weaving mast, the skipper of one cups a hand around his mouth. "Ohé, Pierre!" he bawls. "Your wife said to remind you to bring cheese when you come home tonight. And did you hear about the government? Finished!"

The other captain, short, thick-shouldered, waves acknowledgment. "Those idiots in the Assembly. Bah! Did she mean one cheese or two?"

National Geographic References

Magazine—June, 1952, "Paris, Home Town of the World" (75¢)
School Bulletins—2/21/55, "France Seeks Answer to Industrial Problems" (10¢)
Separate Color Sheets—28 pictures of France (send for price list)

Air boats are replacing dugouts of Indian fishermen on Everglades canals and water trails. Soon canoe-making will be a lost art among the Seminoles.

Charlie Cypress, whose neighbors say he's over 90, is the last of the old canoe-makers. Crippled with rheumatism, he hadn't made a canoe for four years. But just for a how-to-do-it picture series, he made his last one (below) for The National Geographic Society. It is now in the Smithsonian Institution.

Before he had white man's tools, the Indian burned his canoe into shape. He controlled the fire with little dams of wet clay, then chopped away charred wood with a stone ax.

A few years ago no Seminole boy would have thought of wearing shoes. But cattle raising has changed things. Husky young Indians, flashing shiny cowboy boots, line a corral fence (above) to watch older brothers ride and rope.

Under broad-brimmed hats, the agile riders look like any Western cowboy with their boots and spurs, dungarees and neckerchiefs. Many families raise cattle. Pigs and chickens, too, add to the Seminole diet of yams, bananas, lima beans, potatoes, and fish. Seminoles rarely drink water. Instead they dip up *sof-kee*, a corn gruel boiled with hardwood ashes.

In their cool, open-air home, called a *chickee*, Charlie's wife (above) turns stems of plentiful cabbage palms into corn baskets. Neighbor Indian wives use modern sewing machines to piece together many-colored cotton strips for shirts and dresses. Rows of bright calico make clothes dance with color.

Seminoles like diamond- and triangle-shaped figures in their clothing. They seldom use curves.

Indian girls help their mothers make bead bracelets and dolls' clothing that village stores sell to hundreds of visitors who travel the Tamiami Trail every year.

Florida's Seminoles

Illustrations by National Geographic Photographer
Willard R. Culver

LIKE a narrow ribbon across the Everglades, the Tamiami Trail stretches between Tampa and Miami. It crosses 4,500,000 acres of southern Florida's saw-grass plains, swamp, and jungle. On the highway's edges, and miles away in hidden marshy clearings, little villages thrive—clusters of houses with raised floors and roofs made of palm leaves (left).

For a century and a half, these have been homes of the defiant Seminole Indians who refused to be conquered. Even now some won't speak the white man's language.

Forefathers of today's Seminole tribesmen took refuge in the mysterious Everglades in the early 1800's. United States troops, some under General Andrew Jackson, fought them for almost half a century. In all, seven generals failed to subdue the crafty tribe. Finally, some agreed to move to Oklahoma reservations. Others, led by great Chief Osceola, wouldn't give up their new home. But as time went on, old scars healed and Florida's Seminoles lived almost completely at peace within the encircling flood of white civilization. Now about 900 of them live quietly in the wild wet lowlands.

Plump Indian mothers in rainbow-colored capes beat dirt from the family wash on shores of ponds. Their children splash and bathe near by. Other women pound corn into meal with cypress sticks and bowls made from live oak logs.

In school, boys and girls (left) learn how their ancestors broke away from the Creek Indian nation 180 years ago and formed their own tribe. That's how they got the name "Seminole," the Creek word for "runaway" or "separatist."

After school, in the Big Cypress Reservation, youngsters eager for stories of their tribe gather around village preacher Josie Billie, one-time medicine man. Sometimes he delights young listeners with the old Seminole belief in the Wheel of Life (right).

Eighty years ago the instrument that today has become a necessary part of everyday life was but a dream in one man's mind.

Patent on the first crude instrument was issued on March 7, 1876. Thirteen months later the first telephone line was installed. It covered about three miles, linking a Boston shop to the owner's home in Somerville. By August, 1877, telephones in use numbered 800.

Today 52,806,476 telephones ring in homes and offices of some 75,000 American cities and towns, and on more than 2,000,000 farms. A vast network of thousands of miles of lines covers the United States like a gigantic national nervous system.

Use of early telephones grew like Jack's beanstalk. Improvements came fast. By 1888, myriads of poles bristled along city streets, burdened with sky-darkening strings of individual circuit wires. The unsightly maze, easily disrupted by high winds and ice storms, presented a new problem.

Electrical engineers developed cables, each made up of 50 pairs of wires. Installation cost was high back then—$150 a pair-mile. Today, cables may carry as many as 2,121 pairs of wires. Yet despite vastly increased prices, the cost of installation is only $20 a pair-mile. At one-seventh of the old cost the cable now serves 42 times as many users.

Soon you may be talking through a pipe. Research has shown that super-high-frequency electrical waves may be transmitted without wires,

IT'S ALL DONE BY WIRES—Even the Video Half of Network Television Travels from City to City via the Telephone Company's System of Wires and Cables. Here, Technicians in A. T. & T.'s Long Line Control Room, in New York, Monitor a Program

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER WILLARD R. CULVER

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The Telephone

Everyday Wonders, No. 4

The telephone rings.

A mother's day brightens, her son is coming home from overseas—an executive learns an important contract is on the way—a grocer takes an order—a teen-age girl grabs the phone before the first ring has died, drops to the floor, props her feet on the wall, and settles down for a comfortable hour—a physician driving home late at night takes an emergency call on the mobile phone in his car.

The telephone rings. All over the world, 94,500,000 phones are picked up, used, and put down again with little more thought than one gives to breathing.

PROUD MOMENT FOR INVENTOR—Dr. Alexander Graham Bell Inaugurates New York-to-Chicago Service in 1892, the Most Ambitious Long-Distance Hook-up of the Day. Constantly Seeking Ways to Contribute to Man's Search for Knowledge, Dr. Bell Helped Found the National Geographic Society. He Became Its President in 1898

Who talks most, and when?

Total conversations throughout the world in 1954 amounted to 114,921,500,000. Most calls in the United States occur between 9 and 11 in the morning, with 10 o'clock the peak. The United States contains more than half of all phones in the world, yet two countries out-talked it. Canada, with fewer than one-tenth the number of telephones in the United States, and Iceland, with but 25,457 telephones, took first and second place.

In 1954, Canadians made 417.5 calls per person; Icelanders, 394.2, compared to 393.2 for each American. All three out-gabbed voluble France. Most closemouthed, telephonically, are the Ceylonese. They used their 25,943 phones to make only seven calls each.

The telephone rings.

"Rings" is the right word. It was invented by a man named Bell—Alexander Graham Bell.

National Geographic Magazine—July, 1954, "New Miracles of the Telephone Age" (75¢)
Mar., 1947, "Miracle Men of the Telephone" (75¢)
Oct., 1937, "The Miracle of Talking by Telephone" (\$1)
Mar., 1922, "Prehistoric Telephone Days," *the only biographical article ever written by Dr. Alexander Graham Bell* (\$2)

HE MAKES CALLS WITHOUT LIFTING THE RECEIVER—Tiny Microphone Beside Row of Buttons on His Telephone Picks up This Printing Manager's Voice. Box-like Amplifier on Desk Carries Caller's Voice. With This Device, Telephoners Can Keep Hands Free to Make Notes. It Contrasts with the First Telephone, Inset

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER WILLARD R. CULVER 155 (INSET) NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER B. ANTHONY STEWART

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TELEPHONE "LAMP SHADES" OF 1882
This Odd Switchboard Preceded Modern Type. First "Hello Girls" Were Boys. Women, More Courteous, Replaced Them

much the same as talking through a speaking tube. By varying frequencies, thousands of conversations and numerous television programs may be transmitted through one pipe at the same time.

An ordinary, modern telephone looks simple. But don't ever try to take it apart! The telephone company objects—and you'd wind up with 400 separate parts to reassemble. If you watched a technician do it, you'd probably wonder about the small pile of powdered coal and two metal disks that look like the ends cut from a can.

The coal (carbon grains) is the heart of the transmitter (mouthpiece). It fills a little cup attached

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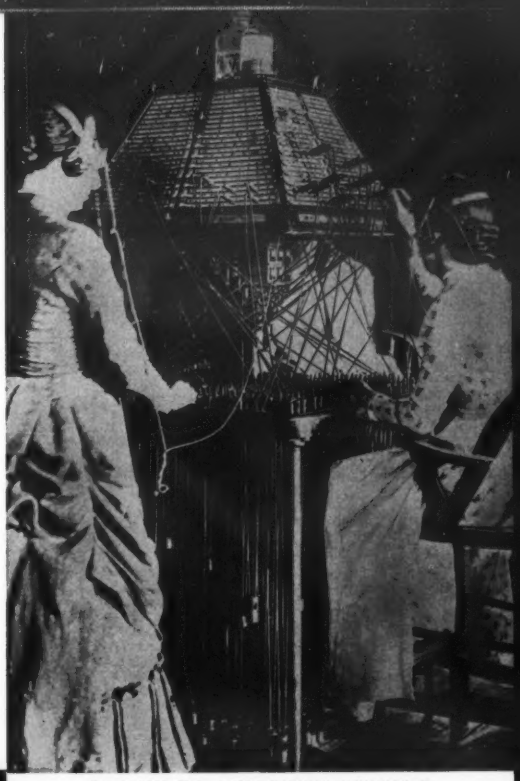
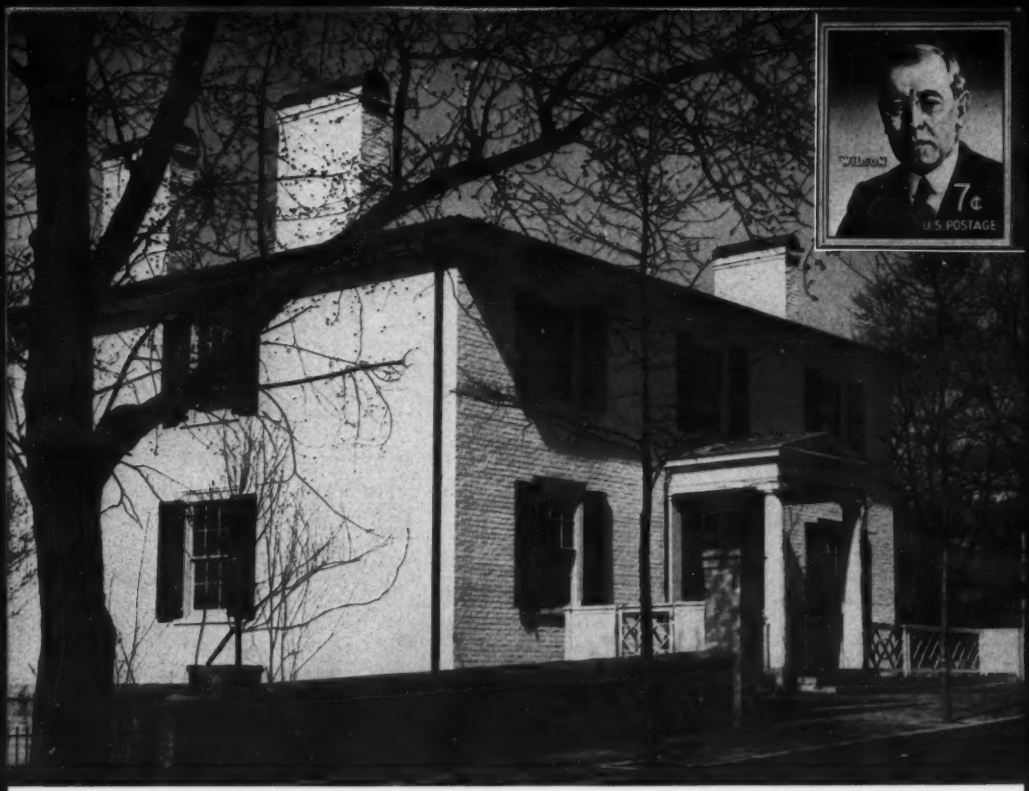


MORRIS ROSENFELD—AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH

to the back of one of the disks, or diaphragms. As you talk directly into the phone (which you should do), your breath pushes the diaphragm and it squeezes the carbon particles with varying pressure as it springs back and forth. A big squeeze lets more electrons pass than a little one, making the amount of current fluctuate.

This varying current races along the line to tiny electromagnets in the receiver (earpiece) of the phone you have called. The magnets pull on the other springy metal disk. Its movements set up little sound waves of exactly the same pattern as those coming from your lips—and the listener hears your voice.

"WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER, PLEASE?"
Modern Board, Instantly Visible Route Index Cards, and Highly Trained Girls Speed Long-Distance Phone Calls Today



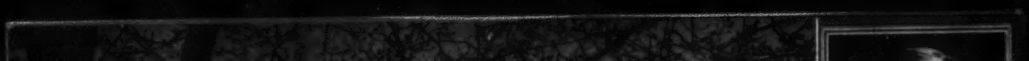
VIRGINIA DEPT. OF CONSERVATION AND DEVELOPMENT

Wilson's Virginia Home to Be One-Day Post Office

This mellowed white brick house in Staunton, Virginia, will become a post office tomorrow—for one day only. Seven-cent stamps honoring Woodrow Wilson will be affixed to first-day covers, prized by collectors. They will be cancelled in the room where Wilson was born a century ago.

Until 1941, the stately old home served as the manse for Staunton's First Presbyterian Church, where Wilson's father preached. Now the house is a memorial to the 28th President, most recent of eight Chief Executives who were born in Virginia. Many furnishings that fill its spacious rooms were used by Wilson's parents. The family Bible stands on a small table near a four-poster bed.

But new luxuries have been added. At the rear of the house a terraced garden descends a slope, shaded by apple and cherry trees. Pathways and brick steps lead from level to level. Boxwood hedges border beds of flowers. Wilson's father could never have afforded such a display on his pastor's salary. In his day the garden was a cabbage patch merging with open fields that ran down to the church.

When the maroon Wilson stamp is issued tomorrow, history students may remember that January 10 marks another anniversary—the inauguration of the League of Nations in 1920. This organization was President Wilson's most cherished achievement. The failure of the United States to join it was the hardest blow he had to suffer. But its successor, the United Nations, is thriving today.

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